But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath deſcried the number of the foe?
Nor. Six or ſeuen thouſand is their greateſt number.
King. Why, our battalion trebles that account,
Beſides, the Kings name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduerſe partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the field,
Call for ſome men of ſound direction,
Lets want no diſcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden ſeat,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is ſir *William Brandon*, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goeſt,
Where is Lord *Stanly* quarterd, doeſt thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue miſtane his colours much,
Which well I am aſſur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mightie power of the King.
Rich. If without perill it be poſſible,
Good captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this moſt needfull ſcrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.
Rich. Farewell good *Blunt*.
Giue me ſome Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength:
Come, let vs conſult vpon to morrows buſineſſe,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesbie.

King. What is a clocke?

Cat.

Cat. It is ſix of the clocke, full ſ
King. I will not ſup to night, giu
What, is my Beauer eaſier then it wa
And all my armor laid into my ten
Cat. It is my Liege, and all thing
King. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe truſty Ce
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the Larke to mor
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. *Catesbie.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Purſeuant at ar
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him brin
Before Sun-riſing, leaſt his ſonne
Into the blind caue of eternall nigh
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a v
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to
Looke that my ſtaues be ſound an
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saweſt thou the melanch
Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of *Surrey*
Much like Cockſhut time, from tr
Went through the armie chearing
King So I am ſatisfied, giue me
I haue not that alacritie of ſpirit,
Nor cheare of mind that I was wo
Set it downe, is Inke and paper rea
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my Guard watch, leau
Ratcliffe about the midſt of night
And helpe to arme me: leaue me

Enter Darby to Richm

Dar. Fortune and victorie ſit o
Rich. All comfort that the dark
Be to thy perſon, noble father in l
Tell me how fares our noble mot
Dar. I by attorney bleſſe thee
Who praies continually for *Richm*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G